

The leaves on beautiful trees

People are walking,
another morning,
what are they doing,
are they day-dreaming?

Here is a woman,
she`s lost in her mind,
talking to a man,
never never-mind.

Hear me, my love,
it`s so much easier
to write about love
than about hate.

Do you think
that a warm smile
can shine
through prejudice and hate?

You say that
you cannot tell your parents
that you are dating me
because I`m a non-violent human rights activist.

Could you tell them
that I'm a Gypsy, or Jew?
Could you tell them
that I'm a Muslim?

Could you tell them
that I am a refugee?
Could you tell them
that I am a migrant?

What would they say,
if I had brown, or black skin?
What would they say,
if I were an atheist?

What would they say,
if I had a nose,
so much different
from yours?

Would your people
punish you more
for our sacred love
if you were a girl?

Would they burn you
as a witch?
Would they cut your hair
or stone you to death?

What would your people
do to you if you were gay?
My people...
I'm not sure about my people.

When you say it's so human,
you mean hatred of the other,
you mean cruelty and darkness,
you mean fear of freedom?

Or you mean sharing respect,
you mean learning from the other,
you mean joyful light,
you mean freedom from fear?

What would they say if they knew
that we made love?
What would they say if they knew
that I wanted you to fuck me?

What would they say if they saw
that we are so different?
Would they understand
that we are the same?

Same as the water in the river
and the leaves on beautiful trees,
as people on the New York subway,
what would they think, and what would they say?

